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HYMNS

FOR



CHILDREN.

SELECTED AND ALTERED.

WITH

APPROPRIATE TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CONVERSATIONS ON COMMON THINGS."

Early lay the foundation of Piety : look upon the universe which you inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares or human joys, but as the *Temple* of the *Living God*, to whom your praise is due, and to whom your best service is to be performed.—*Alison*.

BOSTON :

MUNROE AND FRANCIS, 128 WASHINGTON-STREET.

.....

1825.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT :

District Clerk's Office.

Be it remembered, that on the fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1825, in the Forty-Ninth Year of the Independence of the United States of America, Munroe & Francis of the said District, have deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the Words following, *to wit* :

Hymns for Children, selected and altered, with appropriate texts of Scripture. By the author of "Conversations on Common Things." — 'Early lay the foundation of Piety : look upon the universe which you inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares or human joys, but as the *Temple of the Living God*, to whom your praise is due, and to whom your best service is to be performed.'—*Alison.*

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned ;" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

DEDICATION.

IN again addressing myself to you, my young pupils, I would direct you more immediately to the means of attaining principles of early piety and excellence. You are young, it is true, but not too young to become good and virtuous,—not too young to lay the foundation of your future happiness.

I have, in this little book attempted to furnish you with such hymns as shall at once interest your hearts, and guide you in the attainment of that piety, which the wise have told us “is an ornament of peculiar beauty to those who have not seen many years.” Early habits of devotion will not only strengthen and secure you in virtue, but shed peace and tranquillity over your whole lives. I would fain teach you to aspire after that wisdom, whose heavenly fruits are those of righteousness, and draw you even now, to the frequent contemplation of

that great and good Being, from whom you derive all that is given you to possess and enjoy. I would persuade you to consecrate yourselves to him, while your minds are yet free from the engrossing cares of maturer years, and to remember him while your hearts are tender and alive to pure and holy impressions. Yes, my dear pupils, present them to your Maker, a worthy offering, which will not alone be acceptable to him, but secure to yourselves an inheritance of perfect and endless bliss in heaven.

“If you would be happy when you die, be pious while you live :—if you would be cheerful when you are old, be religious while you are young.”

Your affectionate

TEACHER.

PREFACE.

It is with diffidence I offer this little volume to those parents and teachers, who habitually appoint their children and pupils sabbath lessons. The desire of furnishing my youthful charge with a collection of useful and interesting hymns, added to the hope of more extended usefulness, has induced me to prepare this. I could have wished indeed that some abler and maturer hand had performed this difficult, though not unpleasant task.

At present I know of no hymn book, designed for children, which I could conscientiously put into their hands ; in truth I know of but one in print, which has been in any general use, and that I believe is found, even by those who think most favourably of it, to be very exceptionable :—whether this will be thought to supply in any degree the necessity which exists for a better, remains to be proved. It does not seek to merit praise either on the ground of originality or perfection ; its claims are humble, and its pretensions are chiefly rested on the good works of others, and I trust it will not be

thought that too great liberty has been taken in selecting and altering *those good works*, when the object for which it has been done is considered.

Engaged as I am in the instruction of children, it is natural my thoughts should be chiefly directed to the means by which that end may be the most directly and effectually accomplished, and I have felt justified in availing myself of them, wherever they were to be found.

While preparing these hymns expressly for the use of children, I have feared they would lie open to one very decided objection in the minds of some, and perhaps to many in the opinion of others. Numbers of them I am sensible will be thought not entirely adapted to a juvenile capacity. Perhaps few are aware of the difficulties which arise in preparing hymns suited in all respects to a young mind. On one hand there is danger of presenting inferior and degraded ideas concerning the attributes and works of the Creator, and on the other, of using language too exalted and figurative. To me the latter evil (if it must be called one) appears far the least, and the only one which may be hopefully remedied.

Children rarely if ever forget hymns which they have been taught in infancy, but when ar-

rived at years of reflection, retain and repeat with delight those sublime and beautiful lessons acquired in their earlier and more leisure hours. Is it not better then, through the medium of the imagination, aided by captivating imagery, to exalt and refine the spirit of devotion, than allow it to degenerate, or become quite lost amid the rubbish of irreverent and grovelling rhymes? ‘The mind,’ says an excellent and well known writer, ‘will unavoidably take its character from the objects presented to it: if these be low and trifling, so will be its pursuits and desires; if they be rational and sublime, the thoughts and conduct will be ennobled and dignified.’

Again, some will argue that there are Catechisms for children, and these, say they, remove the necessity which is supposed to exist for hymn-books. I am ready to allow there are many very excellent little works of the kind above named, but while I have adopted for my pupils such of them as I have judged best suited to their several ages, and proportionate advancement, I have felt that I was promoting less real and permanent good, than when appointing hymns for their weekly exercise; for while the former lessons have been nearly or quite forgotten, (although in the first instance

well learned), the latter have been retained, and given promise of effecting a good, that should endure. There is a charm attached to poetry, which fastens itself on the memory, and impresses the heart ; a charm which can seldom be found in prosaic compositions.

I have thought the application of scriptural texts to each hymn might be useful, inasmuch as they would be impressed on the memory by the powerful aid of association, and the mind further excited to seek after a more extensive acquaintance with that sacred volume, which is our only sure guide to a future and immortal life of perfect blessedness.

As it has been my object to render religion inviting, and cause its truths to be more deeply felt, I have inserted several pieces which, strictly speaking, cannot be classed as hymns, but which I consider valuable for the deep moral sentiments they convey.

- Lastly, in collecting the materials of which this little work is composed, I have studied to avoid every thing that might render it objectionable to any one sect of christians ; remembering, that " we all are one family, of whom Christ is head."

Boston, Feb. 23, 1825.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

I.

‘All thy works praise thee.’

God is good ! each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect, fluttering for an hour,
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with golden colours lined,
Are all repeating, God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song, that God is good.

And countless are the blazing stars,
That sing his praise with light renew'd ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good ! and we, endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that God is good.

2.

‘The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.’

Almighty God ! by thy great power,
I hail again the morning hour ;
How fair the green fields meet my eyes !
How sweet the birds sing in the skies !
How fresh appear the hills and trees !
And O, how pure the morning breeze !
I bless thy love in all I see,
For were not these things made for me ?
And was it not to meet my sight
Was hung aloft that globe of light ?
Nor mine alone—for thou hast given
Thy good to all beneath the heaven ;
And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.
And, though a little child I be,
I yet may bend myself to thee,
And join my infant voice to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

3.

‘Thou art my God, early will I seek thy favour.’

My God ! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away ;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father’s smile, that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide ! and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye ;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

4.

'Time and seasons are in thy hands ; O Lord, I will
praise thee ; I will give thanks unto thy name.'

Another day its course has run,
And still, O God ! thy child is blest ;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descend, my eyes to close ;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

5.

'All seasons are in thy hands, spring time and har-
vest, heat and cold, summer and winter.'

All Nature shows in various ways
Her great Creator's praise ;
The young birds sing, while on the wing,
In soft and pleasing lays.

The trees look gay, and seem to say,
There is a God above ;
The sun's bright beams, the liquid streams,
Say we are ruled by love.

The bleating flocks, with happy looks,
Say God deigns us to feed ;
Without his power, there's not an hour,
But we should comforts need.

And if the herds, and trees, and birds,
All join to praise God's name,
It must not be, that such as we,
Neglect to do the same.

6.

‘ Father, thy will be done.’

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given,—
Is sure a wise and virtuous part ;
It is the incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

And conscience, like a faithful friend,
Will through this earthly vale attend,
And cheer my dying breath ;
Will, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth my bed of death.

7.

‘ Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—The wicked borroweth and payeth not again ; but the righteous showeth mercy and giveth.—Take heed and beware of covetousness ; for life consisteth not in the abundance of things possessed.’

O heavenly Father, gracious Friend,
On whom for favour I depend,
Teach me to keep my conduct free
From falsehood and dishonesty.

’Tis not enough that I abstain
From crimes which worldly laws restrain,
From injuring another’s good,
From deeds of rapine, spoil and blood :

No, let me learn that higher part,
To keep temptation from my heart ;
And never break thy laws divine
By coveting what is not mine.

And let me scorn, with just disdain,
To say the thing I do not mean ;
For they who do not falsehood dread,
Will soon to fraud and theft be led.

8.

‘Thou shalt not steal.—Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour.—Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another.—A false witness shall not go unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.—The lip of truth shall be established forever.’

Thou shalt not steal thy neighbour’s right,
Nor covet what is not thine own ;

The pilfering thief, that shuns the light,
Is ever by his deeds made known.

O Lord, thy gracious fear impart,
Restrain us from unrighteous ways ;

Let grace and truth possess each heart,
And mercy crown our earthly days.

9.

‘And the fruits of righteousness shall be peace.’

Sweet is the voice of well-earned praise

To every virtuous ear ;

The inspiring meed of youthful days

To all our bosoms dear.

As opening flowers to summer skies
 Their blooming fragrance bring,—
Warmed by the approval of the wise,
 Our fairest virtues spring.

10.

‘Go to the Ant.....consider her ways, and be wise.’

What pleasure can the idle feel,
As through the tedious day they steal,
 Weary, though unemployed ;
No regular pursuit is theirs,
Their very wishes turn to cares,
 And with success they’re cloyed.

No so the firm and active mind,
Whose will, with industry combined,
 Time’s golden value knows ;
Eager fair knowledge to improve,
The hours on wings of pleasure move,
 While each, improvement shows.

Yet when the hour of study’s o’er,
With airy steps, and spirits pure,
 They join in youthful play ;
No sameness in their sports appear,
Ease and content are ever near,
 And pleasure takes her sway.

The idle view, in mute surprise,
The cheerful group with envious eyes,
 For they have pleasures none ;

Ah, they will think how they have spent
Their time, on no good purpose bent,
And feel the fault their own.

O think they, that the active bee
Completes her work of industry,
From one fair flower's bloom ;
Or can they hope content to share,
And for the future take no care,
While days and years consume ?

11.

‘ Ask now of the past, and it shall tell thee.’

How pleasant it is, at the close of the day,
No follies to mourn or lament ;
But to think of the past, and be able to say,
That our time has been properly spent.

When we've finished our lessons with patience
and care,
And been studious, obliging, and kind,
We lay on our pillows, and quietly there,
Sleep with happy and peaceable minds.

12.

‘ I went by the field of the slothful, and lo, it was all
grown over with thorns ; and nettles had covered
the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was
broken down. Then I saw and considered it well,
I looked upon it, and received instruction.’

Wake, wake ! see the dawn, it is time to arise ;
Come, shake drowsy sleep from your eye ;

The birds are loud warbling their notes in the
skies,
And the bright sun has risen on high.

O come, for the bee has flown out of her cell,
And the ant her employment renews ;
She knows the true value of moments too well,
Aught by indolence ever to lose.

13.

‘ When ye glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as ye
can ; for who hath seen him, and who can mag-
nify him as he is ; there are hid yet greater things
than we have seen ; O glorify the Lord.’

What can I, my Maker, do,
To repay the debt I owe ?
Earthly years are all too few,
Earthly treasures all too low !

Shall I labour for the poor,
For the souls in error lost :
They who poverty endure,
Long by pain and sorrow tost ?

Shall I this, my Maker, do,
To repay the debt I owe ?
O these deeds are far too few,
O these gifts are all too low !

Shall each talent thou hast given
Wholly consecrated be,
And like incense, rise to heaven,
Offered gratefully to thee ?

Vain, to pay this debt I owe,
All the service I can do !
Earthly deeds are far too low,
Earthly years are all too few !

Faint is all the praise I breathe,
Here thy mercy to repay ;
But I pray thee to receive
All a little child can say.

14.

‘ The seventh day is a sabbath of rest.’

Sabbath-day of peace and joy,
Thou art ever rest to me ;
And no anxious thoughts destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

E’en though sorrows sting my breast,
E’en though cares may cloud my brow ;
Sabbath hours are hours of rest,
Troubled thoughts disturb not now.

15.

‘ Ye that fear the Lord, believe in him, and your reward shall not fail.’

Another night has passed away,
And morning lights the eastern skies ;
O may I grateful hail the day,
And joyful to my duties rise.

Father in Heaven, be thou my guide,
Be thou my guard, my friend, my all ;
And still o’er my young heart preside.
That I from virtue ne’er may fall.

16.

‘Time passeth, and continueth not.’

Another fleeting day is gone ;
Slow o’er the west the shadows rise ;
Swiftly the passing hours have flown,
And night’s dark curtains veil the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life’s fading visions disappear.

Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer day shall rise,—
A day, whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o’er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone ;
In solemn silence rest my soul !
Bow down thy heart before his throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

17.

‘The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare
their meat in the summer. Go to the ant, con-
sider her ways and be wise, which having no guide,
overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer,
and gathereth her food in the harvest.’

These emmets how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them in dust, and a multitude dies,
Without our regard or concern :
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There’s many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They waste not their time in sleeping and play,
But gather up corn on a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their works in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor guard against dangers in time :
When death or old age shall greet me apace,
What a wretch shall I be, in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all my prime !

18.

'I will now remember the works of the Lord ; one
thing establisheth the good of another, and who
shall be filled with beholding his glory ?'

There is a tongue in every leaf,
A voice in every rill !
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air ;
A tongue that's never still !

'Tis God's own spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity

I see him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud ;

I hear him in the mighty roar
That rusheth on the ocean shore,
When winds are raging loud.

I see him, hear him, every where,
In all things, darkness, light,
Silence, and sound ; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the sweet hour of night.

I feel him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betrayed ;
I feel him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine and the shade.

O, I will wake and quickly join
Creation's rapturous lays,
Rejoice in all that's good and fair,
His favours prize, his bounties share,
And live and speak his praise.

19.

‘ The Lord is good unto them who wait for him, to
the soul that seeketh him.’

Father, beneath whose watchful eye,
Revolving years and ages lie ;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And grow discreet, and good, and wise.

With willing hearts, and active hands,
We here would practise thy commands ;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.

20.

‘Receive instruction and not silver ; and knowledge rather than choice gold.—I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence ; those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honour are with me, yea, durable riches and righteousness.’

O, happy is the child that hears
Instruction’s faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

Her riches are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure’s paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

21.

‘Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever ; by him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.’

Awake, my heart, and sing the praise
Of God, the guardian of my days ;
The Lord of worlds, the Source of good,
Who gave me life, and sends me food.

When darkness veiled the earth in shade,
Father, on thee my trust was laid ;
I slept, and thy paternal arm
Preserved me safe from death and harm. .

A sacrifice to thee belongs ;
For incense, lo, my prayers and songs ;
Thou know'st if they sincerely spring,
No better gifts have I to bring.

Forgive my sins, my actions bless ;
Inspire my heart with holiness ;
And be it still thy dwelling place,
Till I shall see thee face to face.

22.

' It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed ; because his compassion fails not ; they are new every morning ; great is thy faithfulness.—
The Lord will not cast off forever.'

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To God who rules the skies.

This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before ;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
That from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

23.

'Let us search and try our ways, and turn unto the
Lord.'

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord ! I my prayers to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

With grateful heart the past I own ;
The future, all to me unknown,
I to thy guardian care commit,
And, trusting, bow me at thy feet.

I'll praise thee then, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord ! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

24.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us ; lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Our Father God ! who dwell'st in Heaven,
To thy blest name be reverence given ;
And let thy peaceful kingdom come,
Thy rightful sovereign will be done.
Within this lower earth, as well
As in high heaven, where angels dwell.

Thou, Lord ! who dost all creatures feed,
Give us this day our daily bread ;
And from thy full exhaustless store,
Thy bounteous blessings on us pour ;
So, while thy favours we enjoy,
May gratitude our hearts employ.

Frail, erring children, Lord, are we,
From duty prone to stray, and thee ;
Our devious wanderings here retrieve,
Our numerous trespasses forgive ;
Instruct us to forgive our foes,
And pardon us as we do those.

Who of himself can stand secure,
When thousand specious wiles allure ?
Save us from each seductive snare ;
Nor tempt us more than we can bear ;

From every evil still may we
Deliverance find, and help from thee.

Kingdom, and power, and glory, Lord !
All beings to thy name afford :—
Thine shall the power and glory be,
Through time and long eternity ;
Let earth and heaven repeat again,
All glory be to God ! Amen.

25.

‘Exercise thyself always to bear a good conscience
toward God, and toward man.’

The wind blows down the largest tree,
And yet the wind I cannot see.
Playmates far off, that have been kind,
My thoughts oft bring before my mind ;
The past-by thought is present brought,
And yet I cannot see my thought.
The charming rose perfumes the air,
Yet I can see no perfumes there.
The gay bird’s notes—how sweet, how clear !
As soft they fall upon my ear ;
And whilst upon the air they float,
I hear, yet cannot see, a note.
When I would do what is forbid,
By something in my heart I’m chid ;
When good, that something praises me.
And I from every fear am free.
That voice is Conscience, whose alarms
Will save me from a thousand harms,
Let me her gentle guidance trust,
And die reposing with the just.

26.

'In whatsoever state I am, may I therewith be content.'

O ! thou who rul'st the realms on high.
With humble love and fear,
To thee I raise a suppliant eye,
And wilt thou deign to hear.

Grateful for every joy I taste,
As by thy goodness sent,
In whatsoever state I'm placed,
O ! may I be content.

Should prosperous scenes around me smile,
Still humble may I be ;
Nor let earth's joys my heart beguile,
Or draw my thoughts from thee.

Or should affliction bend me low,
Wilt thou support me still ;
And let each thought, each feeling bow
Submissive to thy will.

27.

'Boast not thyself of clothing and raiment, nor exalt thyself.'

Guard me from pride, from vain desire,
From ev'ry worldly snare ;
O ! bid my soul to Heaven aspire,
And seek its pleasures there.

Let gen'rous thoughts my mind employ,
And bid my bosom glow ;
Alive to share another's joy,
And feel another's woe.

Let truth o'er all my words preside,
And make my soul sincere ;
Candid another's fault to hide,
But to my own severe.

28.

' One is our Father, even God.—He is our Father in heaven.'

Art thou my Father ?—then no more
My sins shall tempt me to despair ;
My father pities, and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant prayer.

Art thou my Father ?—then I'll strive,
With all my powers to learn thy will ;
To make thy service all my care,
And all thy wise commands fulfil.

Art thou my Father ?—teach my heart
Compassion for another's woe,
And ever on each child of thine
A brother's tenderness bestow.

Art thou my Father ?—then I know
When pain, or want, or griefs oppress ;
They come but from a Father's hand,
Who wounds to heal, afflicts to bless.

Art thou my Father?—then in doubt
And darkness, when I grope or stray
A light shall shine upon my path,
And change that darkness into day.

Art thou my Father?—then no more
Tremble my soul at death's alarms ;
He comes a messenger of Love,
To bear me to a Father's arms.

29.

‘ And they took Jesus, and led him away to be crucified.—And he prayed saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’

With warm affection let us view,
With pious hearts improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

Pardon and peace to sinful men
By him were freely given ;
And strengthening aid to all who sought
To raise their souls to heaven.

O what a love was there display'd,
Beyond our utmost thought !
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught !

Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost or misapplied ;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

30.

‘ Know ye indeed Christ came into the world to save sinners.’

We sing thy mercy, God of love,
Which sent the Saviour from above,
To free our race from sin and woe,
And spread thy peace and truth below.

We thank thee for the words he brought,
We thank thee that he lived and taught
Our frail imperfect souls to be,
In humble mode, resembling thee.

We thank thee for thy gracious care,
That kept those sacred pages fair
Through every age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

31.

‘ God is Father over all, blessed forevermore.’

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my father and my friend ?—
I a young child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

Art thou my Father ?—Let me be
A meek obedient child to thee ;
And try in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father ?—I’ll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;

And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—then at last,
When all my days on earth are past
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

32.

'Whereas ye know not what will be on the morrow ;
for what is your life ?——To him that knoweth to
do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.'

Say, what is life ? 'Tis like a flower,
That blossoms,—then is gone,
We see it flourish for an hour
With every beauty crowned ;
Death passes like a wintry day,
And cuts the lovely flower away.

And what is life ? Like yonder bow
That spans the glittering arch on high ;
We love to see its colours glow ;
But while we gaze they fade and die ;
Life fades as soon—to-day 'tis here,
The morrow sees it disappear.

And is this life ? Oh spend it here,
In duty, praise, and prayer ;
Then whether long or short it be
We yield us to God's care :
Knowing eternity will last,
When life, and even death, are past.

33.

‘ Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God.’
—‘ In my Father’s house are many mansions.’

The summer winds sing lullaby
O’er Martha’s little grave,
And the summer flowers spring tenderly
O’er her their buds to wave.
For oh, her life was short and sweet
As the flowers which blossom at her feet.

A little while the beauteous gem
Bloom’d on its parent’s breast ;
Ah ! then it wither’d on its stem,
And sought a deeper rest ;
And we laid on her gentle frame the sod,
But we knew that her spirit was fled to God.

The birds she loved so well to hear
Her parting requiem sing ;
And her memory lives in the silent tear,
Which the heart to the eye will bring ;
For her kind little feelings will ne’er be forgot
By those who have mourned her early lot.

34.

‘ Honour thy father and mother, both in word and
deed ; so shall a blessing come upon thee.’

O Thou ! to whom the grateful song
Of prayer and praise is due,
Thee I entreat forgive my wrong
And grant thy blessing too.

On those who ever kindly strive
Thy precepts to instil ;
Who constant teach me how to live
And do thy holy will !

On such, O Lord ! thy mercies shed,
Who in this world of wo,
Like fountains with fresh water fed,
Bear blessings as they flow.

And may I planted by such streams,
Like flowers that love to lave
Their bending branches in the beams
Which warm their parent wave ;

May I thus blest, still humbly bow
To Thee, the source of love !
And drawing nurture from below,
Breathe brightness from above.

Then shall I while on earth I live,
To them a comfort be ;
And wither, but through death to live
An endless life with Thee !

35.

‘Keep thy feet when thou goest to the house of God,
and be more ready to hear, than to give the sa-
crifice of fools.’

We’ve passed a pleasant Sabbath day
And learnt of Jesus and of Heaven ;
Oh Lord we thank thee ! and we pray
That all our sins may be forgiven.

May all we've heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And may we be both wise and good,
Modest and diligent and meek.

And when our lives are ended here,
And days and Sabbaths all are o'er,
May we in Heaven near thee appear,
And love and serve thee evermore.

36.

'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy ; six
days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but
the seventh is the sabbath of the Lord thy God.'

Oh! I will wake, and quickly rise,
Upon this blessed Sabbath morn,
And first rejoice that I have lived
Again to see its welcome dawn.

And now I think how kind and good
The God of Heaven is to man ;
To give him one day's rest in seven
Throughout this little busy span.

One day to lay aside all work
And all its many tedious cares ;
And think upon our heavenly home
Beyond the sky and shining stars.

This day ten thousand fervent prayers—
And thousand songs of grateful praise ;
At once arise from humble hearts,
And meet at God's high throne of grace.

With cheerful heart and willing feet
I'll seek the place of his abode ;
And lay aside all earthly cares,
To join the worshippers of God.

37.

'Remember thy end, and give thy heart to the fear
of the Lord.'

The morning hours of cheerful light,
Of all the day are best ;
And as they wing their rapid flight,
If ev'ry hour be spent aright,
We calmly sink to sleep at night,
And quiet is our rest.

Our lives are like the summer's day
And are as quickly past ;
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And if well spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

38.

'Thy statutes, O Lord, shali be my delight.'

With firm resolve, and equal mind,
May we to virtue be inclin'd ;
The course of holiness pursue,
And keep the heavenly world in view !

Amidst the assailing ills of life,
Temptation's plea and passion's strife,

May we our conscience still revere,—
Determine well, and persevere.

Sweet peace our hearts will then enjoy,
A peace the world can ne'er destroy !
God our fidelity will seal,
And the sure path to heaven reveal.

39.

‘ Bless the Lord, who crowneth thy life with tender
mercies.’

For life with all its varied joy,
To God we render praise ;
His service is our best employ,
Whose wisdom guides our ways.

In friends and parents we rejoice,
And their instructions given ;
Be ours like theirs a virtuous choice,
And bliss with them in heaven !

40.

‘ In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.’

Guide of our youth, to thee we pray ;
Help us to tread thy holy way ;
And may our whole of life be past,
As we should wish it had at last.

Oh smile on those whose time and care,
Are spent in our instruction here ;
And let our conduct ever prove,
Our gratitude for all their love !

Through life may we perform thy will,
Our various stations wisely fill ;
Then join the friends we here have known,
In nobler songs around thy throne.

41.

‘ Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is
for the eyes to behold the sun.’

Now behold, the mid-day sun
Sheds around a golden light,
And every leaf that meets his ray
Glitters gaily to the sight.

God is good ! he made the sun,
Blessing every thing that lives ;
God, who light, and joy, and food,
To every living being gives.

Exalted angels he preserves
In their beautiful abode ;
And the smallest thing on earth
Is within the care of God.

He who formed the seeing eye,
He who made the hearing ear,—
Gave each beauty we behold,
Each delightful sound we hear :—

If he did not keep our life,
We could neither think nor move ;
Every blessing we enjoy
Is a gift of tender love.

42.

‘Whoso loveth instruction, loveth knowledge.’

Dark is the sky when day retires,
When clouds obscure the glowing fires,
That glitter through the night ;
But darker is the youthful mind,
That never the bright sun could find,
Of learning’s purer light.

How then shall I my thanks express,
To those whose cares have deigned to bless
My inexperienced youth :
To guard me lest my steps should stray,
To point out wisdom’s pleasant way,
And teach the path of truth.

Now I’ll entreat the God of love,
That he his blessings from above,
Will shower upon them all ;
And more my gratitude to show,
Whate’er they teach I’ll strive to know,
And follow where they call.

43.

‘The bee is little among such as fly ; but her honey is
the chief of sweet things.’

Child of patient industry,
Little active busy bee,
Thou art out at early morn,
Just as opening flowers are born,
Among the green and grassy meads
Where the cowslips hang their heads ;

Or by hedge rows while the dew
Glitters on the hare-bells blue.

Then on eager wings thou'st flown,
To thymy hillocks on the down ;
Or to revel on the broom ;
Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;
Tuning still, thou busy bee,
Thy little ode to industry.

44.

Hearken, ye children, bless the Lord for all his
works ; at his commandment is done whatsoever
pleaseth him.'

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there !

There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen !

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth ;
There's not a cloud or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.

Then wake my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse ;
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe !

45.

'The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of
the Almighty hath given me life.'

Father ! I would not live in vain,
By earthly pleasures cloyed ;
Nor render back to thee again
My talents unemployed.

O God of mercy, make me know
The gifts which thou hast given,
Nor let me idly spend them so,
But make them fit for heaven.

46.

'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, for he hath clothed
me with the garments of salvation ; he hath covered
me with a robe of righteousness.—Thou, Lord,
crownest the year with thy goodness.'

Evening hail ! thou grateful shade !
Welcome to my weary head !
Welcome, slumber to my eyes,
Tired with this day's vanities !

By my heavenly Father blest,
Now I give my soul to rest ;
Thou, my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good ;

Thy kind eye that never sleeps
These defenceless moments keeps !
Or if death my sleep invade,
Should I be of death afraid ?

Whilst, encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.

Welcome, sleep or death, to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee.

47.

‘ O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good : his
mercy endureth forever.—To him that by wisdom
made the heaven, and stretched out the earth ; to
him that made great lights ; the sun to rule by day,
the moon and stars to rule by night.’

Author of life, of joy, of health,
Thy goodness I adore !

O give me strength to speak thy praise,
And grace to love thee more !

First for this world, so fair, so good,
My daily thanks shall rise !

For every fruit and every flower,
Thy bounteous hand supplies.

For the green field, the waving corn,
The lofty spreading tree ;

For that bright sun that shines on all,
And borrows light from thee ;

For the pale moon’s reflected beams ;
For every genial shower ;

For all which elevates the mind,
To contemplate thy power.

48.

‘Blessed is he that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.—He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.—His leaf, also, shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.’

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither’d to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

Yearly, in their course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus they preach this truth concerning
“Heaven and earth must pass away.”

On the tree of life eternal,
Then let all our hopes be staid,
Which alone forever vernal,
Bears those leaves that shall not fade.

49.

‘While I was yet young, or ever I went abroad, I desired wisdom openly in prayer.—The Lord hath given me a tongue—I will praise him therewith.’

Almighty ruler of the skies !
Through the wide earth thy name is spread ;
And thine eternal glories rise
O’er all the heavens thy hands have made.

To thee, O Lord ! a song I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong ;
My infant tongue shall lisp thy praise
And future years improve the song.

50.

‘ Fear thou not, for I am with thee : be not dismayed,
for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will
help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with my right-
eousness.’

O Father ! spread thy guardian arm
Around the guileless breast of youth,
With life’s first generous feelings warm,
And stamp it with thy heavenly truth.

And when these trying scenes depart,
Unspotted may we turn to Thee,
And, innocent in life and heart,
Adore Thee through eternity.

51.

‘ Trust in the living God, who hath given us all things
richly to enjoy—who only hath immortality, dwell-
ing in the light which no mortal can approach
unto.’

There is a world we have not seen
That time shall never dare destroy ;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a world, and O how blest !
Fairer than prophets ever told ;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

And that fair world is ever bright,
With a refulgence all its own ;
And streams of never fading light,
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

In vain a feeble mortal's eye
May seek to view that fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky :—
It is the *dwelling-place of God !*

52.

‘ Before honour is humility. By humility and the fear
of the Lord are riches and long life.’

Humbly walk, and heaven will love thee,
Heaven will hear thy every prayer ;
Then the Saviour will approve thee,
Angels shield thee from despair.

Many virtues here must grace thee,
But in meekness still delight :
Pride alone will quite deface thee,
And will shroud them all from sight.

Why should feeble mortals glory ?
Long their life can never last :
Soon the head of youth is hoary,
Then its pleasures here are past.

When those joys, that charm'd, shall fail thee,
And the scene is fading round ;
What will foolish pride avail thee ?
Then in meekness peace is found.

53.

' Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.'

Great source of unexhausted good!
Who giv'st us health, and clothes, and food,
And peace, and calm content ;
Like fragrant incense to the skies,
Our songs of gratitude shall rise,
For all thy blessings lent.

Grant us through all our future days,
To share the boons thy grace conveys
To enrich our needed store,
And oh ! that influence impart,
Which prompts each humble, grateful heart,
To bless and love thee more.

54.

' If thou wilt incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thy heart to understanding, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.'

Fruitless the wish, and vain the prayer,
For perfect bliss would be ;
I cannot shun what all must share,
Nor live from sorrow free.

I'll be a child of nature's school,
Her silent teachings trace ;
And she shall fit me by the rule
Of holy, heavenly grace.

For they are still the truly wise,
Who earliest learn to look

On earth's best charms, on sun, and skies,
As wisdom's open book.

Thus taught, no art, nor base deceit
Shall mar my opening youth ;
My heart with healthful hopes shall beat,
My tongue be tun'd to truth.

And when through childhood's paths of
flowers,
My infant steps have trod,
My soul shall be in after hours
Prepar'd to learn of God.

55.

' Give ear to my prayer, O God ! hide not thyself
from my supplication.'

Father of good, to whom belong
My morning prayer and evening song ;
Again, with trembling joy, to thee,
A humble child, I bend my knee.
Thy pard'ning grace my fears will quell,
Thy love will pride and sin expel ;
While faith in every danger nigh,
Gives strength and peace and liberty.

And, as I walk my earthly way,
Thy mercy, Lord, my steps shall stay ;
Brighten with hope my saddest hours,
And strew my earthly path with flowers,
And so, while life and breath are mine,
Shall ev'ry power in concert join,
To praise thee, Lord, to whom belong
My morning prayer and evening song.

56.

‘ In all things I would be conformed to thy will.’

Great God ! I would not seek to know
The number of my earthly hours,
Nor if the path that I must go
Be paved with thorns, or strew’d with flowers ;
It is enough for me to see
My life is governed by thy will,
And all that I receive from thee,
Has been, and will be kindness still.

But this I would forever pray,
And grant that I be not denied,
That whether dark or bright the way,
Thy Spirit will my actions guide.
Then in the lapse of prosperous years,
I shall not raise my heart too high,
Nor yield to doubts, distrust, or fears,
Though pleasures fail and comforts die.

57.

‘ Wherefore art thou cast down, O my soul ! why art thou disquieted within me ? trust thou in God.’—
Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord.’

O God, to thee, who first hast given
My mortal frame a spark of heaven,
I consecrate my powers ;
Thine is its hop’d eternity,
And thine its *earthly* life shall be,
Through months, and days, and hours.

Here at thy shrine, I bow resign'd ;
Each struggling passion of my mind,
 With all its hopes and fears ;
And here, to love and worship thee,
Is the sole wish my heart would see,
 Through all my future years.

For, oh ! when earthly cares are o'er,
The worn heart feels there is no more
 Of bliss beneath the skies ;
There is no other certain trust,
Which blends the merciful and just,
 Omnipotent and wise.

58.

' Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.—Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—The lofty looks of a man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down.—Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due season.'

Taste not from envy's poisonous fountain,
The peace destroying streams that flow ;
Nor climb ambition's dangerous mountain
To look upon the world below.

The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long braved, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirled in dust to lie :

Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing,
Low, in its quiet, tranquil vale,
Amid retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale,

59.

‘He healeth the broken-hearted, and bindeth up their wounds.—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’

Frail though my young devotions be,
I humbly dare look up to Thee,
My Father and my God!
For I have felt affliction’s power,
And yet in sorrow’s darkest hour,
Have mark’d a parent’s rod.

I pray not for this world’s vain hope,
The soul desires a larger scope,
Destin’d to live forever:
I ask not many years to live,
But that in those thou wilt to give,
I may forget Thee—never.

In every varying moment, still
May my whole duty be thy will,
And may I meet each trial,
With fortitude resigned and pure,
A spirit anchor’d to endure,
And holy self-denial.

60.

‘O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth unto all generations.—He crowneth the year with his goodness.’

When near, O, Lord thy heavenly throne,
The seraph angels humbly bow—
And render praise to thee alone—
The source from whence all blessings flow,—

Wilt thou, our Father, deign to hear
When children join their blissful train
While filled with love, and holy fear,
They swell the blest angelic strain?

For though with power enthroned on high,
Thy love and goodness ne'er hath bounds;
To humble souls thy grace is nigh,
And earth with heaven thy praise resounds.

We thank thee, that protecting care,
With shielding mercy still is near;
That we thy choicest blessings share,
And smiling plenty crowns the year.

61.

'Thus saith the Lord, Blessed are they that keep my
sabbaths.'

The sun goes down—another Sabbath day
Is gone, to tell its tale of good or ill;
Fair purpose, erring act. inconstant will,
Have swelled, I fear, its hours, now passed
away—

For ever past. So years on years decay!
So glide the hours, by God indulgent given,
To wean our hearts from guilt to Him and
heaven;

So speeds the work that will not brook delay!
O God of heaven and earth, the work how vain
That aims not, ends not, centres not in Thee!

62.

‘Remember how short thy time is.---So teach me to
know my days, that I may apply my heart to wisdom.’

What’er thou purposest to do,
With an unwearied zeal pursue ;
To-day is thine—improve to-day,
Nor trust to-morrow’s distant ray.

63.

‘Know ye that God is glorious over the whole world.
—O praise and exalt his name forever.’

I see a God at every step,
If I but chance to cast my eye
On hill, or dale, or on the deep,
Or raise my view to yon bright sky.

Behold a God of boundless sway
In the eccentric comets’ flight,
And when the bright sun gilds the day
And when the moon illumines the night.

When thunders burst from darkened clouds,
And strike with dread the earth and air ;
Then cavern, deep, and rocks, and woods,
Reply aloud—that God is there.

Yes, He presides, when storms pervade,
And heave the billows to the sky ;
And when the storm’s wild fury’s laid,
’Tis He that soothes, for He is nigh.

64.

‘ All things that grow on the earth, bless ye the Lord ;
praise and exalt him above all forever.’

A God appears of grace and power,
In every flower that decks the vale ;
In every breeze and fostering shower,
And every bloom that scents the gale.

When hoary winter issues forth,
With all his inauspicious train,
’Tis God that sends the snow on earth
And regulates his chilling reign.

When the thick shades obscure the sky,
And stars are hid, and sun is fled,—
At morning’s hour, with reason’s eye,
I see him while the light is red.

Since He’s so good, I’ll cease this haste
To catch at fleeting transient joy ;
Nor let those talents run to waste,
Which I for him should all employ.

65.

‘ There is none holy as the Lord ; he is a God of
knowledge, and by him are our actions weighed.’

Almighty Lord ! to Thee alone
My heart and all my ways are known ;
I cannot speak, but thou dost hear—
I cannot think, but thou art near,
Each secret purpose of my soul
To mark, distinguish, and control.

Where'er I wander, Thee I see
Surrounding and inspecting me.
How vast the skill that can direct
A world—and yet a child protect !
In vain to trace thy ways I soar ;
I bow, and thy great power adore.

Could I the morning's wings assume,
Borne on a sunbeam through the gloom,
Swift as the light my way pursue
To scenes remote from mortal view ;
Remote from Thee I ne'er could rove,
Thee, Lord, in whom I live and move.

66.

Draw near, ye unlearned, and dwell in the house of
learning.—Work your work betimes, and in time
he will give you your reward.'

Mortal ! while the sunny beam,
Tells thee here how time is gliding ;
Haste the moments to redeem,
For eternity providing.

Winters pass, and springs renew,
In maturity, advancing ;
Youth to pleasure sighs, " adieu,"
In the fields of childhood dancing.

Manhood sinks to hoary age,
And a night that has no morning ;
Oh, let wisdom now engage,
Hear her dictates and take warning !

Wisely still the moments use,
Some are every moment dying ;
While this lesson you peruse,
Oh, *remember time is flying !*

67.

‘ O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel
before the Lord our maker.’

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation ?—
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred tongue and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined ;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of sin abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue’s cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord ! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wond’rous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :
All our hope is from above.

68.

'Be thou exalted, O God ! above the heaven, and thy glory above all the earth.'

Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee ;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

69.

'Let us not be weary in well-doing ; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.'

Onward, onward, may we press,
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
We will make a heaven on earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fire-side comforts sit
In the wildest weather :

O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
And the saints communion;
Thither may our hopes ascend,
There may all our labours end.

70.

' Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.'

Glory to our heavenly king !
Bounteous parent ! thee we sing ;
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

God of glory ! God of love !
Lord of all the worlds above !
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for every good.

More than all, we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word,
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.

Gracious Father ! Heavenly King !
Feeble lips presume to sing ;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

71.

‘ At night the earth fades from our sight, and nothing of creation is left us but the starry heavens, so vast, so magnificent, so serene, as if to guide up our thoughts above all earthly things to God and immortality.’
Channing.

Night is the time for rest ;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round a weary breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
‘ Think of Heaven’s bliss and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine !

72.

‘ We testify repentance toward God, and faith towards
our Lord Jesus Christ.’

God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Listen to our suppliant voice,
Thou to whom all praise belongs,

We lament our follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

God of mercy ! God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O forgive thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs !

73.

' Ye shall keep the Sabbath, therefore, for it is holy unto you.—Six days work may be done ; but on the seventh is the sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord.'

Hail sacred season ! peaceful day !
By God himself ordained and blessed
A foretaste in a weary way,
Of endless rest.

Spirit of heavenly grace, descend,
Breathe on this sinful heart of mine ;
And as I trust thee for my friend,
Give life divine.

Devoted day of calm repose,
Close of creation, sweetly blest,
A pause to labour,—balm of woes—
An hour of rest.

Sublime precursor of an hour
When all our cares on earth shall cease,
In life's sad path a lovely flower,
A beam of peace.

Great Spirit, who ordained and blest,
Shed on this heart its tranquil powers ;
And teach my bosom how to rest
In sacred hours.

74.

‘ The lip of truth shall be established forever, and he
that speaketh truth showeth forth righteousness.’

Begin, my child, in early youth
To utter and encourage truth ;
The tree's distinguished by the fruit ;
Be virtue then your great pursuit ;
Set good examples in your view,
And wisely imitate them too ;
Every ignoble action scorn
Nor meanly here your mind deform ;
Constant, in wisdom's path appear
And meekly her instructions hear ;
So shall you happy be on earth
And joyful hail your heavenly birth.

75.

‘ Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.’

By the cutting north-wind rent,
See the prostrate lily lies ;
So, his life mid tempests spent,
Many a saint in sorrow dies.

But the valley clods are keeping
In their treasury the flower ;
So the saint entombed, is sleeping
Safely through the mortal hour.

Harmlessly the winter rages
O’er the lily’s hidden bloom ;
So the lengthened blasts of ages
Unperceived roll o’er the tomb.

See in new and purer whiteness
In the spring the lily rise ;
So the saint with deathless brightness
Shall awake in heavenly skies.

76.

‘ Return unto the Lord, forsake thy sins, make thy
prayer before his face, and offend less.’

Tell me, moments now no more,
As the yearly path ye’ve trod,
What was the report ye bore
To the eternal throne of God ?

Was the accusation just,
“ Time thou’st wasted and misspent :”
Time committed to thy trust,
Chief of all the talents lent ?

When the memory turns to gaze
Over all that yet has been,
Oh how drear seem misspent days—
A barren, and a mournful scene !

If some moments here and there,
Were in better use employed,
They like spots of verdure bloom
In a desert unenjoyed.

Now we think, as moments fly,
Time shall not be lost again,
But the future, passing by,
All its burthen will sustain.

77.

‘ Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom
prepared for you from the foundation of the world :
For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was
thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger,
and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; sick,
and ye visited me ; in prison, and ye came unto me.’

The willow that droops by the side of the river,
And drinks in its life from the stream that
flows by,
In return spends that life in the cause of the
giver,
And shadows the stream from the heat of the
sky.

Great God, my Creator, I humbly adore thee,
For thou art this life-giving fountain to me ;
All weakness myself and a suppliant before
thee,
I cannot return this protection to thee !

In sadness, in poverty, sickness or danger,
I'll succour each suffering child that I see ;
The aid thus bestowed in this world on a
 stranger,
One day thou wilt say was bestowed upon
 Thee !

78.

' Come, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great ;
let us bless God, for he is very good.'—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

My God, thy boundless love I praise ;
Now bright on high its glories blaze !

How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal home,
From heaven its joys forever come,
And wide the earth o'erflow.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And spreads its flowery beauties round,
 Wafts odours on the gale ;
Its bounties richly deck the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smiles in every vale.

But in thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There faith unwavering points the way,
To realms of everlasting day,
 Opening the gates of Heaven.

Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,

And ardent gratitude ;
And all my aspirations tend
To thee my father, and my friend,
And my immortal good.

79.

‘ The Lord hath us in his holy keeping.’

Lord, through the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou our guardian and our guide ;
That we directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

To read thy word, our hearts incline ;
To understand it, light impart ;
Oh Father ! may we all be thine ;
Take full possession of each heart.

80.

‘ We will worship in thy holy temple : we will praise
the Lord with our whole hearts.’

When in thy temple, Lord ! we bow,
To thee our grateful souls would rise ;
O grant that we may bring thee now
A pure and holy sacrifice.

What is the world that it should share
Hearts which belong to God alone ;
What are the pleasures reigning there
Compared with thee, Almighty One !

Fountain of living waters ! we
To earthly springs would stoop no more ;
Humbly we bend ourselves to thee,
Oh ! on our hearts thy spirit pour.

81.

‘Why doth one day excel another, when in all the light of every day in the year is the sun?—By the knowledge of the Lord were they distinguished, and he altered the seasons.’

Look through creation, and behold
The wonders of Almighty power ;
Eternal wisdom’s works unfold,
In every leaf—in every flower !

There is a God all good and wise,
The very meanest insect cries ;
Seasons revolving in their spheres,
A thousand changing beauties bring ;
But loveliest of them all appears,
The green-robed beauty—charming spring :
The music of whose morning voice,
Bids all the sons of earth rejoice.

82.

‘I went by the field of the slothful ; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof. Then I looked upon it and received instruction.’

Shun delays, they bring remorse,
Take thy time while time is lent thee,
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.

Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to nought ;
Works adjourned have many stays ;
Long demurs bring new delays.

83.

'The spirits of those that fear the Lord shall live ;
and they that seek him early shall find favour.'

Author of life ! with reason's dawn
Let me thy favour gain ;
And when its strength with age declines,
I shall not trust in vain.

Childhood devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower that's offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Twill save us from unnumbered ills,
To seek religion young ;
Grace will preserve succeeding years
And make our virtue strong.

God let me in remembrance bear,
For him each hour employ !
And make my Maker, whose I am,
My early trust and joy.

84.

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.'

Providence, profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind
View your many blessings rise.

But perhaps some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind—

Make not these alone you choice,
Heaven has blessings more refined.

Thankful own what you enjoy ;
But a churning world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.

Perfect bliss resides above,
Far beyond the azure sky ;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Quiets every anxious sigh.

85.

‘ And Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying, Forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

Father of Heaven ! thy wond’rous power
Leads us through childhood’s dawning ray,
Upholds us here through ev’ry hour !
And guards us to maturer day !

When gently gliding o’er life’s wave,
Thy smile will holy love reveal ;
And when no earthly art can save,
Thine arm of power will be our shield.

Thy heavenly word shall calm the sea,
Thy voice shall whisper, “ Peace, be still ! ”
A star on high shall show us thee,
And cast rich splendour on thy will.

Grateful for thy protecting grace,
We bow ourselves before thy throne ;

Oh ! may we there thy mercy trace,
And thy presiding presence own.

For Jesus's sake, we ask thy aid,—
Sanction the hope his words have given,
“Forbid them not to come,” he said ;
“For such are those who dwell in heaven.”

86.

‘ The summer is over and gone : the grass withereth,
and the flower fadeth.’

The summer ends its short career,
The zephyrs breathe farewell ;
And full upon the closing year
The brilliant glories dwell.

The winds breathe low—the fading leaf
Scarce whispers on the tree !
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
’Tis like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the floating cloud
The sunset beams are cast !
’Tis like the memory left behind
When lov’d ones breathe their last.

Oh ! thus serene and free from fear
May be our last repose ;
Thus like the sabbath of the year
Our latest evening close.

87.

'The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger,
and plenteous in mercy.'

Let me with fervour praise the Lord,
Bless, O my soul, his name and word,
His mercies oft repeat;
Who will thy num'rous sins forgive,
Heal thy diseases, bid thee live,
And every trial meet.

He leads thee from destruction's ways,
With constant mercy crowns thy days,
And a kind father's care ;
Renews thee as the eagle's youth ;
A God of justice and of truth,
Who still delights to spare.

He's slow to anger, full of grace
And will not always hide his face
Ungrateful as we are ;
Where'er his boundless realms extend,
Let invocations pure ascend,
To Him who heareth prayer !

88.

'The eyes of the Lord are upon them that love him,
he is their mighty protection, and strong stay.—
Blessed is the soul of him that feareth the Lord.'

To thee, O Lord, we humbly pray,
And for the blessings of this day
Accept our sacrifice of praise,
Which now in grateful songs we raise.

Still may thy providential care
Preserve from every fatal snare,
And from the perils of the night
Defend us by thy sovereign might.

And when sure death, like night shall come,
And call us to our endless home,
May we be found in peace with thee,
And wake in heaven eternally.

89.

‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy
neighbour as thyself.’

Love God with all your soul,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbour as yourself ;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you ;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

90.

‘Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and the idle
soul shall suffer hunger.—The hand of the diligent
maketh rich.’

See the golden orb of day,
Rising, shoots his brilliant ray,
From the shades of night he springs,
Wafting far on mighty wings.

Lo ! the time for sleep has run,
Rise before or with the sun ;
Lift thy hands and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,
That, as light serenely fair,
Illuminates the tracks of air ;
Heaven's sacred spirit so may rest,
With kindly beams upon thy breast ;
And shine with grace, until thou view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
And whether with a small repast,
You break the sober morning fast ;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Your business with industrious feet ;
Whate'er you think, whate'er you do,
Still keep your Maker's praise in view.

91.

' All these are full of the glory of the Lord.'

Bright stars of eve, your lucid rays
Direct my thoughts to realms on high ;
Great is the theme, though weak my lays,
For ye proclaim that God is nigh.

And distant far your orbs I see,
With native lustre ever shine ;
How great, how good, how dreadful ! He
In whom light, life, and truth combine.

Oh ! may I better know his will,
And more implicitly obey ;
Be God my friend, my father still,
From earthly—to eternal day.

92.

‘ Search thy heart.—So shalt thou deal wisely.’

Hast thou, my soul, improved each power,
With zeal this day for God and man ;
Hath diligence mark’d every hour,
As though it now might close thy span ?

And if another opening morn,
On earth should never rise on thee—
Wert thou to meet another dawn
In the unknown eternity—

Shouldst thou with grief review this day,
And tremble at thy Maker’s nod—
Or, would’st thou calmly soar away,
To meet a kind approving God ?

93.

‘ Thou hast preserved my life from destruction.’

I live again to see the day
That brought me first to light ;
O ! teach my youthful heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Though dazzling splendour, pomp and show,
My fortune has denied ;
Yet, more than grandeur can bestow,
Content hath well supplied.

No strife at home disturbs my peace,
No mis’ries have I known ;

And, that I'm blest with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I'll envy no one's birth or fame.
Their titles, train, or dress ;
Nor shall my pride e'er stretch its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask not, wish not, to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay ;
Lord, make me wiser every year,
And better every day.

94.

' Truly my soul waiteth upon God :—I will sing of thy
mercy in the morning, O my God.'

See the gleams of daylight swim
On the heaving ocean's brim !
Now the waves are gilded o'er
With the golden beams still more.
See ! the gathering lustre shines
On the mountain's loftiest pines,
And the far-off village spires
Redden in the kindling fires.

God hath made the sun to shine
Image of his love divine ;
Thus his rays of mercy fall
Liberally alike on all ;
Thus he lights our happy way
Through the labours of the day,—
And when all our cares are past
Guides us to his rest at last.

95.

' He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—I will say of the Lord, surely he is my refuge.—Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, even the Most High, there shall no evil befall thee—for he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.—And his angels are ministering spirits.'

Oh, is there not a Mighty Power
Whose sleepless agents work his will,
And who, in pleasure's brightest hour,
Or sorrow's night watch o'er us still ?

They guard the infant's helpless years ;
They guide the wandering steps of youth ;
And through life's path of storms and tears
Still cheer us with the light of truth.

When in the hour of pain and grief,
With anguish'd souls we kneel in prayer,
Their influence brings our hearts relief,
Which else had broken with despair.

When morn or evening's golden rays,
With summer beauty light the sky,
Our grateful minds they bid us raise,
Adoring, to the world on high !

And when upon the bed of death
We close the scene of trial here,
Bright spirits catch our parting breath,
And waft us to a heavenly sphere !

96.

‘ Early will I seek thee.’

When in the morning of my days,
No mournful cloud appears,
Or when in dark and painful ways,
My eyes are dim with tears,
I’ll pray to God whose power sends down
Afflictions for the best,
And when all other hopes depart,
Can give the weary rest.

While parents and kind friends for me
Their time and strength employ,
And I am sad at their distress
And love to share their joy ;
I’ll cleave to him whose love inspires
In them those anxious cares,
The heavenly parent and the friend.
Whose kindness passeth theirs.

97.

‘ Blessed art thou, O Lord ! teach me thy statutes ;—
I will meditate upon thy precepts, and have respect
unto thy ways.’

O grant thy blessing, Lord, to-day !
O give thy children joy and peace !
The tokens of thy grace display,
Thy favours which shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought :
His path of light we wish to tread :

Here by his doctrines to be taught ;
And here by their blest influence led.

May truth and peace and hope abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

98.

' Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.'

Almighty God and King on high,
My spirit bows before thee now ;
How frail a creature, Lord, am I,
Eternal one, how great art thou !

Thy boundless mercy calls us near,
And bids us look to heaven our home ;
As children, then, we will not fear,
With our meek offerings, Lord, to come.

O precious privilege for us
On thee securely to depend ;
To bring our infant praises thus
As to a father and a friend !

99.

' The day is thine, the night also is thine.'

Greatest of beings ! source of life,
Maker of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

Waked by thy word, the morning sun,
Pours far abroad his golden rays,
And speaks thy glories as he shines ;
While raptured beings sing thy praise.

The moon o'er the deep shades of night
Spreads the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of life, proclaim.

And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower and verdant tree,
And thousand creatures gay with life,
Have all a grateful song for thee.

100.

' Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.—A lie is a foul blot : and the disposition of a liar dishonorable.—Keep thy word, and deal faithfully, and thou shalt always find the thing that is necessary for thee.'

Of all the gifts in virtue's power
That should adorn the breast of youth ;
The fairest and the purest flower
Is ever valued, simple truth.

Her dictates always lead us right,
Less'ning the fault she bids us own ;
Turning false shame to sweet delight,—
Delight to liars never known.

Though trifling be the act we do,
Or great the punishment we shun,
Not in base falsehood's name we'll sue,
But speak with truth the ill we've done.

101.

'The Lord made the heaven, and the earth, the sea
and all that in them is.'

With grateful joy will we record
The various wonders of our Lord ;
O let his power and goodness sound
Through the wide earth's remotest bound.

Lo ! the high heavens our songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where suns, and moons, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

See, earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its light and shade,
See insects fill the airy tide,
Life from its secret stores supplied.

View the broad sea's majestic plain,
And sing its Maker's boundless reign ;
That ocean, which does nations join,
And speaks its Maker's name divine.

102.

'Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found ; call ye
upon him while he is near.'

Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
And pious gratitude :
Superior sense may I display
By shunning every evil way,
And walking with the good.

O may I still from sin depart ;
A wise and understanding heart,
O Lord, to me be given ;
And let me through thy spirit know,
How thee to glorify below,
And tread the path to heaven !

103.

‘ In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God.—By him was every thing made that was made.’

Lord of universal nature,
God of every living creature,
Light of morning, shade of even,
King of ocean, earth, and heaven,—
Whilst I, prostrate, bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

Spring of river, lake, and fountain,
Piler of the rock and mountain,
Breath of animal creation,
Life of varied vegetation,—
Whilst I, prostrate, bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

First and last,—Eternal Being,—
All pervading, and all seeing,
Centre of divine perfection,—
Whence the planets learn subjection,
Whilst for favour I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

104.

'Years that have passed will know no return.—To-day only is thine.'

Again time's never tiring hand
Points to the finished year ;
Its moments with past ages stand,
Nor will again appear.

And while the precious moments pass,
And time again revolves ;
Spirit of power and heavenly grace
Assist my weak resolves.

From each imperfect virtuous part,
Then purer good shall spring ;
From errors past a contrite heart
Will true repentance bring.

105.

'I will call upon thee, O God ; evening and morning will I pray.—Love your enemies ; do good to those who spitefully use you, and persecute you.'

To thee, Almighty God and King,
For thy protecting care,
The tribute of our love we bring,
In homage and in prayer.

We bless thee for our lengthened days,
For friends, and health, and ease ;
And, while our lips thy goodness praise,
Thee may our actions please.

If we have foes, we them forgive—

O may their anger cease !

With all in friendship may we live

And share the joys of peace !

With plans and deeds of gentleness,

Still loving and belov'd,

May we to man good will express ;

And be by thee approved !

106.

‘ O Lord, thou art great—thou hast searched me and known me. There is not a word on my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it.—For God gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, might not perish, but have eternal life.—Neither is there salvation in any other.’

There is an eye that all surveys,

A hand that all directs ;

There is a power o’er all our ways,

A power that all protects.

There is a hope can ne’er deceive,

A trust can ne’er betray ;

There is a grace, when mortals grieve,

Can wipe their tears away.

There is a guide, there is a guard,

Who watches while we sleep ;

His trust is sure in watch or ward,

The desert or the deep.

Sweeter than morning’s incense rise,

To him whom mercies move,

The humble, unaffected sighs

Of gratitude and love !

107.

‘ Give me that which is needful for me.’

The infant deems some pleasure lies
Within the taper’s trembling ray ;
And grasps it—the delusion flies,
He only carries pain away !

So thoughtless children joy will see
In some far distant splendid thing,
And gain it—soon the phantom flees,
While haply there remains a sting.

Great Ruler, Lord of all below,
Direct my views, and fix my lot ;
Thou knowest what would work my woe,
And though I wish it—grant it not.

108.

‘ Harken....learn the words of knowledge and mark
my words with thy heart.—When wisdom entereth
into thy heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy
soul, discretion shall preserve thee ; understanding
shall keep thee.’

Go, mark the tear in pity’s eye,
’Tis brighter than the diamond’s beams ;
And the pure blush of modesty
More precious than the ruby seems.

Those glowing gems, and sparkling stones,
May strike us with a short surprise ;
But truth and innocence alone
Should here engage the good and wise.

No glittering ornament nor show
Will e'er allay thy grief or pain ;
Only from mental worth can flow
Delight that ever shall remain.

109.

' Behold, God is great—with clouds he covereth the
light. Look unto the heavens and see, and be-
hold the clouds which are higher than thou.'

Yon glorious clouds that curtain round
This sublunary ball,
And firmament on high, reveal
A God that governs all.

I read a record of his love,
His wisdom and his power,
Inscribed on all created things,
Man, beast, and bird, and flower.

If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart ;
O let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart.

110.

' Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.
—For what is your life ? It is even a vapour that
appeareth but for a moment, and then vanisheth
away.'

Teach me, O Lord, while here below,
The number of my days to know ;
That I may walk in wisdom's ways,
And live to my Creator's praise.

My life is but a transient dream ;
O let me every hour redeem ;
A pilgrim, through this earth I rove,
And hasten to a world above.

Lord, help me through this land of woe,
With calm sincerity to go ;
Heedless of sorrow or of pain
So I to future rest attain.

Though short my days, my sins are great,
I cannot bear their guilty weight ;
For pardon, through thy Son I plead,
And grace to help in time of need.

111.

‘ O Thou that hearest prayer ! unto thee shall all flesh
come.’

Almighty God, most gracious power,
Thou know’st the fate of every hour,
Accept my earliest grateful prayer,
For the past night’s unbounded care.
O ! guide me through the coming day,
From virtue’s path ne’er let me stray ;
And should my passions tempt me wrong
Wilt thou restrain my lips and tongue ;
Check every thought and habit vain
And bring me to thyself again.
If good or ill my portion be,
Lord, I will trace the source to thee,
And still rejoice, or firmly bear
The lot thy wisdom bids me share.
But lest my mind should weakly yield,
Be thou, O Lord ! my strength and shield.

112.

‘The Lord dwelleth not in tabernacles made by men’s hands.—Who shall abide in his tabernacles ? who shall dwell in his holy place ? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth.’

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
Above the high blue sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the solemn thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh :—

Art nigh, and yet my wondering mind
Seeks after thee in vain,
Thee in thy works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain.
Thy messenger the stormy wind,
Thy path the trackless main.

These speak of thee with loud acclaim,
And thunder forth thy praise ;
The glorious honour of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways :
But thou art not in tempest flame
Nor in day’s glorious blaze.

Oh, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does thy Spirit rest.
Send, Lord, that Spirit infinite
And make thy creatures blest.

113.

‘ God is mighty in power.’

On the waves there is a form,
And a voice in every storm :—
In the sun, the moon, and sky,
On the mountain wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds which sing ;
God is seen in every thing.

114.

‘ Whatsoever ye would that man should do to you do ye
even so to them.’

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman’s axe descends,
And that which flourished beauteously,
Beneath his keen stroke bends,
E’en on the edge that wrought its death,
Dying, it sheds its sweetest breath,
As if to token in its fall,
Peace to its foes, and love to all.

How hardly we this lesson learn,
To smile and bless the hands that spurn,—
To see the blow,—to feel the pain,
Yet render only love again :
One bore this spirit, who from heaven
Dwelt on our earth and was betrayed,
No curse *he* breathed, no plaint *he* made,
But when in death for them he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died !

115.

‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—The righteous hath hope in death.’

O when the hours of life are past,
And death’s dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep—it is not rest,
’Tis glory opening on the blest :
For then the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on our heads ;
And gilds the spirits round his throne
With glories radiant as his own.

116.

‘As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth ; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, to such as keep his commandments to do them.’

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree ’tis torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows
In life’s exulting morn !

But, O ! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies !
So when the eve of life comes on,
Our beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest flower that’s made,
We withering soon shall find,
Let us possess what ne’er will fade,
The beauties of the mind !

117.

‘Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised ; he is
our God forever and ever ; he will be our guide
even unto death.’

Through each perplexing path of life,
O Lord, my footsteps guide ;
Give me each day my needful food,
And raiment fit provide ;
O spread thy guardian care around,
Till all my wanderings cease ;
Till at thy glorious high abode
My soul arrive in peace.

118.

‘Our days upon earth are as a shadow.—Yet will
we trust in the Lord : his promises are sure and
steadfast.’

Our youthful joys fly like a summer’s gale,
And threaten stern the winter of our age ;
Life’s busy scenes a short and varying tale !
And ever changing like wide nature’s stage !

But does no friendly power to us dispense
The joyful tidings of some happier clime ?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence,
Beyond the grave where all alike decline ?

O yes ! the sacred oracles we hear
Point the bright way to realms of endless joy ;
They bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
Though clouds surround, and stormy skies
annoy.

Then let us wisely for our change prepare,
Nor count this lower world our fixed abode ;
Obey the voice and trust our Maker's care,
To smoothe the rough, and light the darksome
road.

Moses inspired, led safely Israel's host
Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side ;
But we a nobler hope than theirs can boast,
A brighter promise and more perfect guide.

119.

' Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure
of my days—that I may know how frail I am.'

Our life advances to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
And soon our rapid years are run,
And we with earthly cares are done.

How many, e'en in youth's gay hour,
Brief pageants, like a noontide flower,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
And early tenanted the tomb !

God of our fathers ! here, as they,
We walk the pilgrims of a day ;
Like transient guests thy works admire,
And quickly to the tomb retire.

O Lord of life and seasons ! we
Our sole reliance place on thee :
On thee we trust with holy fear,
And bless thee for the new-born year !

120.

'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

Why should a weak and vain desire,
For outward show and gay attire,
Engage our thoughts, employ our prime,
And waste our precious fleeting time ?

No dress can inward folly hide ;
Be virtue's garb our only pride ;
Her purity and taste refined,
Will teach us to adorn our mind.

121.

'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ;——mortals yield up their spirits, and where are they ?——
Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

When a few years, or days perhaps,
Shall glide away in silent lapse,
Time then to me shall be no more ;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.

My God ! how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath between,
And can I waste life's fleeting day ?
To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shivered when they're torn away.

Great Cause of all above, below !
Who knows thee, must forever know,
Thou art immortal and divine :
Thine image on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

122.

‘ The stars that shine for ever and ever.—Lo, they
are parts of his ways ! but how little a portion is
heard of them !’

Thought of wonder, O how mighty,
How stupendous, how profound !
All the stars that sparkle yonder,
Roll in orbs of vastness round !

Thousands through the hours of darkness
Stud the concave of the sky ;
Thousands, thousands, hid from science,
Shine, unseen by earthly eye.

Pause my thought—lo ! myriad beings
Move on every planet there ;
All, for breath, and life, and guidance,
Leaning on Almighty care.

Every world has hills and valleys,
And His hand formed every flower ;
Every golden-winged insect
Sporting in the fragrant bower :

Every little joy and sorrow,
Every hope, and every fear,
Follow his supreme direction
Fully as some mighty sphere.

123.

‘Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found ; call up-
on him while he is near.—Let the wicked for-
sake his way and the unrighteous man his thought.’

Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of to-day ;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?

Thy fleeting minutes strive to use ;
Awake ! rouse every active power !
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This precious, this important hour !

Rescued from sin’s destructive way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
That heavenly virtue we’ll display,
Which Jesus taught, which God approves.

124.

‘Praise ye the Lord ; for it is good to sing praises
unto our God.’

To God, while flowers bloom on the bank,
Or lambs sport on the lea ;
While larks with morning hymns ascend,
Or birds chant in the tree ;
To God let every creature join
In prayer, and thanks, and praise ;
Infants, their little anthems lisp,
And hallelujahs raise !

125.

‘Thou carest for all thy works.’

My God, by thy protecting power
I safe have passed the night;
And pleasant is this morning hour,
Which should my praise incite.

Most gracious guardian of my days,
To thee my heart I owe;
To thee my earliest prayers I raise,
And fervent they shall flow.

Thou hast preserved my sleeping breath
Secure from harm and pain;
While many an eye was closed in death,
That ne’er shall wake again.

O Lord, protect me till the last
Long hour of rest is nigh,
And then, when death’s dark sleep is past,
Receive my soul on high!

126.

‘All the works of the Lord are good, and he will give every needful thing in due season. And therefore praise ye the Lord with your whole heart and mouth, and bless the name of the Lord.’

O Father, though some anxious care
To-morrow’s clouded brow may wear;
Nought of disquietude shall sway
My thoughts on this, thy holy day.

I would not with a listless mind,
Or heart to earth's low scenes inclined,
To offer thee a prayer pretend,
With which vain worldly passions blend.

O deep upon my thankful breast
Let all thy mercies be imprest ;
That I may never more forget,
The whole or any single debt.

Dispose me each revolving day
For all my gifts my thanks to pay ;
And let my life devoted be,
A sinless offering, Lord, to thee !

127.

‘ Before man is life and death ; and which he chooseth
shall be given him ; for the wisdom of the Lord is
great.’

Father, whate’er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me, O Lord, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

May the blest hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey’s end.

128.

‘Blessed is he, whose conscience has not condemned him, and who is not fallen from his hope in the Lord.’

Our youthful years fleet quick away,
And time speeds on his race ;
In vain we ask a moment’s stay,
He lessens not his pace.

Lord, make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our great concern,
And for our change prepare ;

May think of death and learn to die
To all inferior things ;
Whilst our glad souls aspiring fly
To life’s eternal springs.

129.

‘My Father ! thou art the guide of my youth.’

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O’er the world’s tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee.
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be !

Saviour ! breathe forgiveness o’er us ;
All our weakness thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this world before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;

Lone and dreary, weak and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go !

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with kind affections blending,
Pleasures time can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy !

130.

‘ Forasmuch as there is none like unto thee, O Lord !
thou art great, and thy name is great in might.’

God !—what a great and awful word !

O who can speak his worth ?
By saints in heaven he is ador’d,
And feared by men on earth ;
And yet a little child may bend,
And say, my Father and my Friend !

The glorious sun, that blazes high,
The moon, more pale and dim,
And all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and rul’d by him ;
And yet a child may ask his care,
And call upon his name in prayer !

And this large world of ours below,
The waters and the land,
With all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by his hand ;
Yes, and he forms our infant race,
And bids us early seek his face.

131.

‘ For our time is a very shadow that passeth away ;
and after our end there is no returning.—Our
life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud, and
be dispersed as a mist, that is driven away by the
beams of the sun, and overcome with the heat
thereof.—But God created the spirit of man to
be immortal, and made him an image of his own
eternity.’

Here our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on ;
Soon we pass life’s little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.

Lord, our humble prayers receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us by thy grace to live
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour’s love ;
And, when life’s short tale is told,
Take us to thy bliss above !

132.

‘ I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, their
wings glittered with gold and purple ; their bodies
shone like green emeralds. I returned ; they were
brushed into the pool ; they were perishing with
the evening breeze.’

Mrs. Barbauld.

Poor insect ! what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine !
And yet thou spread’st thy light wings gay,
And spreading, bidd’st them shine.

Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast ;
And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How quick that noon is past.

A shower would lay thy beauty low ;
A dew of twilight be
The torrent of thy overthrow,
Thy storm of destiny !

Then spread thy little 'broidered wing,
Hum on thy busy lay !
For soon thy beauties all will cease
Thy life will fade away !

May I a lesson from thee learn
To improve with all my power ;
And be it here my chief concern
To fit for life's last hour.

133.

'Life is but a vapour, which appeareth for a little
time, and then vanisheth away.'

What is our life ? ah ! but a shining vapour,
Seen for awhile, then passing swift away ;
Pleased with its dazzling form
We scarce can think it frail.

Yet there's another life, to which this leads
If used aright, of bliss unmixed and pure.
Its glory unobscured,
Unbounded, without end.

Then let my heart and hopes, with new delight
And freshened vigour, to that life aspire ;
This mortal life will soon—
Ah ! very soon,—be past.

And then, sweet thought ! immortal life is mine :
This hope can gild with smiles the darkest scene,
And shed a holy calm
Through the enlightened mind.

134.

‘ God is every where—all places are filled by his presence.’

God is here !—how sweet the sound !
All I feel and all I see ;
Nature teems, above, around,
With universal Deity !

Is there danger ? I’ll not fear,
Though the death-winged arrow fly ;
I can answer—God is here,
And I move beneath his eye !

When I pray, he hears my prayer ;
When I weep, He sees my grief :
Do I wander, He is there,
Ready to afford relief.

Distance cannot part my soul ;
Nor the morning in its flight,
Nor the widest seas that roll,
Nor the mount of greatest height.

Then I would not spend a care,
Where my future lot may lie ;
I am safe, for God is there,
And will be forever by !

135.

‘ I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper even as thy soul prospereth.—Prosperity and adversity, life and death, poverty and riches, come from the Lord.’

Prosperity ! thy cloudless hours
Are doubly bright when we perceive
Not only all thy sun and flowers,
Thy streams, and airs, and shady bowers,
But Him, from whom we all receive.

136.

‘ The soul that sinneth shall perish.—The righteous hath hope in death.—Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel.’

Since soul decays not, freed from earth,
And earthly coils it bursts away ;—
Receiving a celestial birth,
And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars, and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through heaven’s eternal year.

Do good ; shun evil ; live not thou,
As if at death thy being died ;
Nor error’s syren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth aside ;
Look to thy journey’s end—the grave !
And trust in Him whose arm can save.

137.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin. But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Weep not for me because I must die,
And sink in death's coldness to rest ;
Weep not for me because death is nigh,
I go to the home of the blest !

It is but a moment—a pang—and no more—
A struggle—and that to be free ;
'Tis the spirit's last look on a journey that's o'er,
O, death has no terrors for me.

Weep not for me, the christian should fling
His frailties and fears to the wind ;
But only in death, when his spirit takes wing,
Can he leave them forever behind.

Farewell to the world—the mist thickens fast,
And cold is the weight on my breast ;
My moments are numbered—another—the last ;
I go to the home of the blest.

138.

' Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God.—
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they
rest from their labours, and their works do follow
them.'

Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,
Where sinks the righteous soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades the summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So sweetly shuts the eye of day ;
So dies the wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm that nothing can destroy ;
And undisturbed the peace profound
Which their forgiven souls enjoy.

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit wings ;
O ! grave, where is thy victory ? say,
Insatiate death, where are thy stings ?

139.

‘ Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee : he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.’

When gay in life, ere joys depart,
I'll give thee, Lord, a contrite heart ;
O, on my infant spirit shed
Such hopes as cheer the dying bed.

I raise above my wondering eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies ;
And think, that He who governs there,
Still keeps me in his guardian care.

I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower ;
And bless the love which made it bloom,
And shed around its soft perfume.

I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again from whence it came,
It will but slumber in the ground,
'Till Heaven's awak'ning trumpet sound ;
Then wing my spirit's happy flight,
To regions of eternal light.

140.

' Bless the Lord, O my soul ! He causeth the grass to grow—and the trees. He appointeth the moon for seasons—the sun knoweth the time of his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night. Praise the Lord from all the earth : ye stormy winds, fulfilling his word, for his glory is above the earth and the heavens.'

Nature owns thee for her God,
Living plant, and flowering sod ;
Each fair thing thy power displays,
Twilight hour and noontide rays ;
All we love from thee is given,
Glorious God of earth and heaven !

Ocean's vast unequalled force
Claims Thee for its mighty source ;
Thee the storm-clad spirit hails
As he drives the racking gales ;
All we fear from Thee is given,—
Save us, Lord of earth and heaven !

Thou hast formed a holier sphere
To reward our sufferings here ;
World of light, receive us home !
Lasting pleasure, quickly come !
All we hope from Thee is given,
Glorious God of earth and heaven !

141.

‘Fear none of these things, which thou shalt suffer ;
be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a
crown of life.’

Father, I pray thee, may my heart
Subdue each idle, sinful fear ;
And may my soul, by thee still taught,
Tread firm the path of duty here.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
Thy sun shines bright, and we are gay ;
Thine equal mercy sheds the gloom
That darkens o’er our transient day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Earth’s frail and wand’ring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And mid the wreck of all our joy,
We, kneeling, will adore thee still.

142.

‘The Lord hath made known his salvation, his right-
eousness hath he openly showed.—Serve the Lord
with gladness,—bow down before him with praise.’

O Thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue :

Not now, on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee, shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

143.

‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see
God.’

O! to be pure as morning light,
First issuing from the sun's bright spring;
Ere it be sullied in its flight
By touch of any earthly thing.

O! for an angel's soul of fire,
To tread the path by angels trod;
Through endless ages to aspire,
Nearer the eternal throne of God.

Poor are my words, and weak my strain,
His boundless mercy to repay;
But I shall raise my song again,
With nobler powers some future day!

144.

‘ By wisdom hast thou made them all.—Who by searching can find out the Almighty unto perfection ?—This knowledge is too wonderful for me : it is high, I cannot attain unto it.’

I love to rove amidst the starry height,
To leave the little scenes of earth behind,
And let imagination wing her flight—
On eagle pinions swifter than the wind.

I love the planets in their course to trace ;
To mark the comets speeding to the sun,
Then launch into immeasurable space,
Where, lost to human sight, remote they run.

I love to view the moon, when high she rides
Amidst the heavens, in borrowed lustre bright ;
To fathom how she rules the subject tides,
And how she gathers from the sun her light.

O ! these are wonders of the Almighty hand,
Whose wisdom first the circling orbits planned.

145.

‘ The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.—He gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment.—And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night.’

I praised the earth in beauty seen
With garlands dressed and living green :
I praised the ocean’s broad expanse
Whose bright waves ever ceaseless dance ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our glories are but for a day.”

I praised the sun whose chariot rolled
'Mongst clouds of amber and of gold :
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Shed milder radiance through the sky :
And sun and moon both seemed to say
“ Our hours of light will pass away.”

O, God ! thou good beyond compare,
If thus thy earthly works are fair,
If thus thy glories gild the land
On this our earth for sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be,
Inhabited by saints and Thee !

146.

- I have seen the insect, being come to its full size,
languish and refuse to eat ; it spun itself a tomb,
and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay, with-
out feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked
again ; it had burst the tomb, it was full of life,
and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air,
rejoicing in its new being.—Thus shall it be with
thee ; beauty shall spring from thy ashes, and life
from thy dust.’ *Mrs. Barbauld.*

The shades of night were scarcely fled,
The air was mild, the winds were still,
And bright the rising sunbeams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
Had dropped a light and balmy shower ;
That hung like gems of morning dew
On every tree and every flower.

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May ;
A butterfly on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
Her velvet-textured wings enfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropped with spots of burnished gold.

She balanced oft those 'broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail ;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields,
Taste all the joys that spring can give ;
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

SECOND PART.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honey'd cup explore ;
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store :

And let me trace thy wandering flight,
Thy moments watch of short repose ;
And mark thee with renewed delight
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark, while here I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note ;

And, whispered by a viewless band
Soft silvery tones around me float !

They cease—A voice I seem to hear,
A gentle voice of hope and joy :—

‘ Thy hour of rest approaches near,
‘ Prepare thee, mortal !—thou must die !

‘ Yet start not !—on thy closing eyes

‘ Another day shall soon unfold ;

‘ A sun of milder radiance rise,

‘ A happier age of joys untold.

THIRD PART.

‘ Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,

‘ The humblest form in nature’s train,

‘ Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,

‘ And yet her lesson teach in vain ?

‘ Ah ! where were once her brilliant eyes ?

‘ Her glittering wings of purple pride ?

‘ Concealed beneath a rude disguise,

‘ A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

‘ Like thee the hapless reptile lived,

‘ Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun,

‘ Like thine his closing hour arrived,

‘ His labour ceased, his web was done.

‘ And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,

‘ No happier state of being know ?

‘ And shall no future morrow shed

‘ On thee a beam of brighter glow ?

‘ Is it the bound of Power Divine,
‘ To animate an insect frame ?
‘ Or shall not he, who moulded thine,
‘ Wake at his will the vital flame ?
‘ Go, mortal ! in thy lowly state
‘ Enough to know thy mind is given ;
‘ Go, and this joyful truth relate,
‘ A child of earth is heir of heaven !’

147.

‘ The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth.’

Sweet violet, thou that dwellest alone,
Near the foot of yon moss-covered hill ;
By solitude fostered, how fair thou art blown,
Now the wild storms of winter are over and
gone,
And the scene all around thee is still.

The sun-beams of evening now rest on thy bed,
The wild bee is humming around ;
Whilst thou, unassuming, still hidest thy head ;
But, ah ! though so lovely, ere spring shall
have fled,
Thy graces will fall to the ground.

Our life is like thine : though in spring-time it
blooms,
Yet full soon it will see a decline !—
But its splendour, with increase, at length it
resumes ;
It revives when the day of eternity comes,
In verdure immortal to shine !

148.

‘ O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy commandments. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law ; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.’

O, come and learn this kind command,
To fear the Lord your God ;
Love him with all your heart and mind
And speak his praise abroad.

Soon as your earthly days began,
They all were crowned with love ;
And every blessing you receive,
Is sent you from above.

Let your first thoughts by morning light
Ascend to God on high ;
And in the evening raise your prayer,
To him who rules the sky.

149.

‘ Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart be acceptable to thee, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.’

This is the sum of every part ;
To love thee, Lord ! with all my heart,
With all my soul, with all my might,
And in thy service to delight :
That I should love my neighbours too,
And what I wish from them, should do.

How short these rules, how good and plain,
Easy to learn and to retain !

O may heaven's grace my soul renew,
And I pure holiness pursue :
To God my constant worship pay,
And all his sacred laws obey !

If to afflict me be his will,
I'll bear it with submission still ;
A tender Father sure he proves,
Who but corrects because he loves :
For sure 'tis fit my soul should know,
He is my Lord and Maker too.

His word with diligence I'll hear,
To him present my daily prayer ;
And while new mercies I implore,
For blessings past I will adore :
O ! my whole life shall here express
A heart impressed with thankfulness.

150.

' Thou, even thou, art Lord alone ; thou hast made
the heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their
host, the earth and all things that are therein, the
seas and all that is therein, and thou preservest
them all.'

O God ! thy goodness fills all space,
Thy glory warms the world ;
Thy attributes I joy to trace
In every leaf unfurled.

O what can live, or breathe, or move,
Unless by thee still blest ;
Thy very chastisements are love,
And sufferers know thee best.

Through earth, through air, through sea,
 and sky,
Are blessings freely poured ;
And thy refulgent Deity
In all shall be adored.

Though thunders roll, and lightnings blaze,
And we are by them awed ;
Yet thou alone commandest praise,
For thou alone art God !

151.

‘ O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all
the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the hea-
vens ! Teach me thy way, O Lord ! ’

Who gave the sun his noon-day light ?
Who taught the moon to shine by night ?
Whose hand the arch of heaven unrolled,
Thick set with stars like drops of gold ?

Who gave the winds their course to know ?
The ocean tides to ebb and flow ?
And day and night to keep their bounds
And changing seasons know their rounds ?

Could man conceive the vast design ?
Could he the grand machine combine ?
Stretch out his hand from pole to pole,
And bid earth on her centre roll ?

Could man with all his skill compose
The humblest blade of grass that grows ?

Or by his will ordain to be
The smallest insect that we see ?

'Twas God who gave creation birth,
Who formed this wond'rous globe of earth,
And breathed throughout this mighty whole
The likeness of a living soul.

Bow then to God—O all that live !
To God eternal praises give !
Who fashioned by his mighty hand,
Sun, moon, and stars ; the sea and land.

152.

' For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again,
even so them also, which sleep in Jesus, will God
bring with him.—The wages of sin is death : but
the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.—Though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

The hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home,
And now will earthly troubles cease,
And now shall I depart in peace.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord ! descend,
And prove to them a present friend.

Here busy life, here folly ends,
The tie of kindred and of friends ;
Here ends probation's hour, and here
Virtue's hard strife with sin and care.

The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

153.

'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. The path
of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more
and more unto the perfect day.'

May our first dawn of reason rise
To Thee, O God, ! in sacrifice,
And our young minds and mem'ries be
Here trained to early piety.

May we, prepared for serious thought,
By Jesus' pure example taught,
Be led in early life to see
And seek our happiness in thee.

O may our hearts and following days
Be all devoted to thy praise ;
Our tempers and our lives still show,
That grace hath formed our souls anew.

154.

'The word of the Lord remaineth forever.'

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the winds unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste ;
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the op'ning rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Though sickness blast, and death devour,
Yet heaven will recompense our pains ;
The grass may perish and the flower,
But firm the word of God remains.

155.

‘ Remember me, O God ! and spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy.—God looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven ; to make the weight of the winds ; and he weigheth the water by measure, when he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder.

Let guilty souls impressed with fear,
When storms are raging nigh,
Dread the sharp lightning as it darts
In thunder through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey ;
Intrepid virtue smiles serene,
As in the sun's bright ray.

In the dark cloud's o'ershadowing gloom,
The lightning's vivid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power,
That sheds the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The great eternal will of heaven
Is universal good.

156.

'Keep thy heart with all diligence—for the ways of man are before the Lord. Great is he that findeth wisdom ! yet is there none above him that feareth the Lord.'

I'll bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
With every morning light ;
And at the close of every day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me through the night.

And in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
The day, that saw my Saviour rise,
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.

157.

‘ Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying,—execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother : and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor ; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.—Defend the poor and fatherless ; do justice to the afflicted and needy.’

Go, like your blessed Saviour, feed the poor,
And carry comfort to the sick man’s door ;
Pity the widow, be the orphan’s friend,
And, if you cannot give them, freely lend.

Think of your heavenly Father’s love to you,
And imitate that love in all you do ;
Mercy shall then your youthful steps attend,
And from the stings of death your soul defend.

For you the poor man’s prayers shall reach to
Heaven,
And blessings in return to you be given ;
And when the righteous judge from heaven
descends,
Before the world he’ll own you for his friends.

158.

‘ He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep.
——He shall give his angels charge to keep thee.’

Our Father, yield an evening blessing
Ere repose our senses seal ;
Sin and want, we come, confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal ;

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, for thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness hides not us from thee ;
Thou art never, never weary—
Watching where thy children be :
And should death this night o’ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb ;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
In thy presence, Lord ! to bloom.

159.

Thou art the Lord, the mighty God ;—thou camest
down upon Mount Sinai—and gavest right judg-
ments, and true laws, good statutes, and com-
mandments ;—and madest known thy holy sab-
bath.—Now, therefore, make confession unto the
Lord God, and do his pleasure.’

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through our lives our praise demand ;
Guarded by Almighty Power,
Fed and guided by God’s hand :
Though ungrateful we have been—
Frequent made returns of sin,—

Lord we pray for pard'ning grace,
In our dear Redeemer's name ;
Sin remove, and in its place
Virtue's pure, unsullied flame
Raise, and from our sin's set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

160.

' Be filled with the spirit ; speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto God.— Praise ye the Lord.'

Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky,—
Lift your voices, children all,
Praise the God on whom ye call.

Praise, still praise, his name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine,
In your humble hearts adore,
Praise his goodness and his power.

Children, all your earthly days,
Learn the sweetest notes to raise ;
Sing his name with one consent,
O how great, how excellent !

Ye, who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
In united chorus join,
Praise, still praise, his name divine.

Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Songs by all be freely given
To the Lord of earth and heaven.

161.

Let brotherly love continue.—Behold how good
and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together
in unity !—And Jesus said, This is my com-
mandment unto you, that ye love one another—
and by this shall all men know that ye are my dis-
ciples, if ye love one another.—Let your love be
without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil ;
cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affection-
ed one to another, with brotherly love, in honour
preferring one another.'

How good and pleasant is the sight
Where kindred souls agree ;
How blest the house where hearts unite
In bands of piety.

All in their proper stations move,
And each fulfils his part,
In every care of life and love,
With sympathising heart.

Yes, happy are the sons of peace ;
Their hearts and hopes are one ;
And kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

Mild peace, like morning dew, distils
Its blessings from above ;
With grateful joy each bosom fills,
And every heart is love.

162.

‘ Behold God exalteth by his power.—Remember
that thou magnify his works.’

Thou didst make the darksome night,
Glorious Being ! thou the day,
Which we close with calm delight,
Pleased thy precepts to obey.

Bounteous Providence divine !
O how gracious is thy sway !
Duty and delight combine ;
Truest bliss is to obey.

163.

‘ When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers,
the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what
is man that thou art mindful of him ?’

When musing, I behold on high
Those starry orbs that deck the sky
At evening hour serene :
How vain is art’s most gaudy show,
How trivial all things here below,
Compared with such a scene !

I’ll bid adieu to noisy mirth,
To trifling follies which give birth
To many a restless night ;
I’ll leave the assemblies of the gay
And with superior joy survey
Those distant worlds of light.

By them, thy glory, Lord, is told :
What wonders all thy works unfold
In every age and clime !
What useful lessons they convey !
How constantly to all display
Thy power and love divine !

Then may I listen to their voice,
Make wisdom's ways my early choice,
As through life's path I go :
Nor would I e'er forget that love,
That sent a Saviour from above
To save from sin and wo.

164.

‘Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden,
and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you,
and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart,
and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke
is easy and my burthen is light.’

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim ! hither come.

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.

Ye, who tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes,
Watch to see the morning rise :

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
On God repose your heavy care ;—
Conscience wounded, who can bear !

Sinner, come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

165.

‘ Sweet are the uses of adversity.—I spake unto thee in thy prosperity, but thou obeyedst not my voice, saith the Lord.’

Oh ! whence is the freshness that gives the
flower

Its scent and its summer hue ?
It came in the dark and the midnight hour,
In drops of heavenly dew ;
So, often in sorrow, the soul receives
An influence from above,
That beauty, and freshness, and sweetness
gives
To patience, and faith, and love.

But the sun rises high, and the dew is dry,
And the flower has lost its bloom ;
Its bell droops low, and the passer-by
Inhales no sweet perfume ;
So, like again to the drooping flower
In the sunshine of fortune’s ray,
The virtues that bloomed in a darksome hour
Have faded and passed away.

166.

‘ Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.’

Lord, while on earth we here remain,
Wilt thou our feeble souls sustain,
And on our path in mercy shine,
And shield us by thy power divine.

And may we prize our youthful days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom’s sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

167.

‘ The works of the Lord are great, and his righteousness endureth forever. He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered.’

Night has dropped her dusky veil—
All vain thoughts be distant far,
While, with silent awe, we hail
Flora’s radiant evening star. *

See to life her beauties start ;
Hail ! thou glorious, matchless flower !

* The night-flowering Cereus. The flower is white, and nearly a foot in diameter. The most remarkable circumstances with regard to the Cereus is the short time it takes to expand, and the rapidity with which it decays. It begins to open late in the evening, flourishes for an hour or two, then droops, and before morning is completely dead.

Much thou sayest to the heart
In thy solemn, fleeting hour.

Ere we have our homage paid,
Thou wilt bow thy head and die ;—
Thus our sweetest pleasures fade,
Thus our brightest blessings fly.

Sorrow's rugged stem, like thine,
Bears a flower thus purely bright ;
Thus, when sunny hours decline,
Friendship sheds her cheering light.

Religion, too, that heavenly flower,
That joy of never fading worth,
Waits, like thee, the darkest hour,
Then puts all her glories forth.

Then thy beauties are surpassed,
Splendid flower, that bloom'st to die !
For friendship and religion last
When the morning beams on high.

168.

‘ Call the Sabbath a delight.’

There is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside ;
It is, of all the times below,
A sabbath at the even tide.

O, then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we by his example taught
Will prize the life his love redeems.

Delightful scene!—a world at rest—
A God all love—no grief, no fear—
A heavenly hope—a peaceful breast—
A smile unsullied by a tear!

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread sombre darkness o'er thy reign,
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet there will be at last a day,—
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil the ceaseless ray!
The heavenly sabbath never dies!

169.

'I will remember the works of the Lord, surely I will
remember his wonders.'

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness, wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathomed caves, beneath the deep,
For thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurled,
By Thee directed in their way;

There in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play :
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to us, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone, the living live ;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give ;
Take thou away their breath, they die :
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all again is life and love.

170.

‘ We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—Wake in wisdom, redeeming the time.’

Seconds make minutes, minutes form the hours,
And circling hours the day and night compose ;
Days form the week, and months the weeks
devour,
And to the months the year its fulness owes.
Yet seconds, minutes, hours, we throw away,
And heed not Time that wings his rapid flight ;
In folly we consume the fleeting day,
In lengthened slumbers waste returning night ;
And weeks flow on, and months, and seasons too,
And years are lost as if too light to prize ;
And as we older grow, alas ! how few
Grow with their years more diligently wise ;
And yet that life is short we all complain,
With days, weeks, months and years, all spent in
vain.

171.

‘The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work.’

Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill ;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil :
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song ;
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along :
Till round the earth from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

172.

‘Praise the Lord ; for it is good to sing praises unto Him.’

O my soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord’s most holy name ;
O my soul, till life’s last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim :
Thine infirmities he healed—
He thy peace and pardon sealed.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth
Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone.

Such is man : his honours pass
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word :
Yea, with truth and righteousness
Children's children he will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth he holds his sway ;
Angels, ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey :
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

173.

' Let your conversation be without covetousness ; and be content with such things as ye have : for God has said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. —Godliness with contentment is great gain, for we brought nothing with us into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out ; and having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.'

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies ;
Unwise are they who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow,
'Tis from *ourselves* our joys must flow,
And *peace begins at home*.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence hath sent,

Nor aim beyond our power ;
And if our store of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

Thus crown'd with peace, through life we'll go ;
Its varied paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

174.

' Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night
showeth knowledge.'

My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night and shining day :
When all thy fair creation wakes,
When morn with golden lustre breaks,
And bathes in dew the budding flowers,
To thee we owe the fragrant hours ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

Or when in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that welcome gloom,
Can more than day's enlivening bloom,
Quiet each wild and vain desire,
And calmer, holier thoughts inspire ;
From earth our tranquil spirits free
And lead our softened hearts to thee.

175.

‘ Praise ye the Lord, praise him in the firmament of
his power.’

In every scene thy hands have drest,
In every form by thee imprest,
Upon the mountain’s towering brow,
Or where the sheltering woods spread low ;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or winding stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern’s depth, or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o’er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with varied joys, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass by our infant minds in vain !
But oft as on their charms we gaze,
Attune our wondering souls to praise ;
And be the joys we highest prize,
Those joys that from God’s favour rise.

176.

‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul ! bless his holy name.
——O Lord God ! thou art very great, thou art
clothed with honour and majesty.’

My soul, adore the Lord of might !
With uncreated glory crowned,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtained heavens round :
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

When o'er a guilty world of old,
He summoned the destroying main,
At his rebuke, the billows rolled
Back to their parent-gulf again :
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations from their beds.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noontide roves,
And birds among the branches sing ;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

177.

‘ And on the seventh day God rested from all the work
which he had made ;—and he blessed the seventh
day, and sanctified it.’

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week ;
The next world’s gladness imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can
speak.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting hours
As on he journeys in the narrow way ;
Periods appointed to renew his powers,—
A gleam of glory and eternal day !

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy’s flights, or fiction’s story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !

178.

‘ Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
and good will toward men.’

Array’d in clouds of golden light
More bright than heaven’s resplendent bow,
Jehovah’s angel came by night
To bless the sleeping world below !
How soft the music of his tongue !
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung !

“ Good will henceforth to man be given,”
The light of glory beams on earth ;
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth :
On Bethlehem’s plains the shepherds sing,
And Judah’s children hail their king !

179.

‘ Behold God is mighty ; he is mighty in strength and
wisdom.—Behold God is great, and we know
him not, neither can the number of his years be
searched out.’

There is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth and air, through sea and skies ;
Lo ! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

The glorious sun, serenely bright,
O’er the wide earth’s extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
The Almighty Maker’s glorious name.

Unbounded goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
O, bless the Lord, who made them shine
With varied charms in colours gay.

For man and beast, here, daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows;
And, there for drink the crystal flood
In winding streams unceasing flows.

Where'er we turn our eyes abroad,
And scan creation's wonders o'er,
We trace the workmanship of God,
And humbly his great power adore.

180.

'This is the day that the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord and walketh in his ways.'

Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When cheerful bells awake the day:
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away:

And dear to me the sacred hour
Spent in thy holy temples, Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
To hear the teachings of thy word.

Oft, when the world with iron hands
Has bound me in its six days' chain,

This bursts me from the earthly bands,
And sets my spirit free again.

Yes, dear to me the Sabbath morn ;
The cheerful bells, with wak'ning voice,
Have often found my heart forlorn,
But always bid that heart rejoice.

181.

' Watch and pray, for ye know not the day nor the
hour when your Lord cometh.—All that are of
the earth shall turn to earth again.'

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ;—but *all*,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own—O, death.

Day is for mortal care ;
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;
Night for the dreams of sleep,—the voice of
prayer,—
But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay ;
And smile at thee ; but thou art none of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Is it when spring's first gale,
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?
They have one season—*all* are ours to die !

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ;—but *all*,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own—O, death !

182.

' Fear not the sentence of death.—Take no heaviness to heart, drive it away, and remember thy last end —When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest.'

Yes,—*all* we know must die,—
Though none can tell the exact appointed hour ;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the opening
flower !

The *Christian* is prepared,
Though others tremble at the hour of gloom ;
His soul is always ready on his guard ;
His lamp is lighted 'gainst the summons come.

It matters not the time
When we shall end our pilgrimage below ;
Whether in youth's bright morn, or man-
hood's prime,
Or when the frost of age has whitened o'er our
brow !

The youth whose pulse beats high,
Eager through glory's brilliant course to run ;
Why should we shed a tear, or breathe a sigh,
That the bright goal is gained—the prize thus
early won ?

True ; *all* we know must die,—
Though none can tell the exact appointed hour ;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the opening
flower !

183.

‘ See then that ye walk circumspectly—redeeming
the time.—Wherefore, be ye not unwise, but un-
derstand what the will of the Lord is.’

See the fair summer now is past !
The foliage late that clad the trees,
Stript by the equinoctial blast,
Falls, like the dew-drop on the breeze.

So, life, thy summer soon will end,
Thine autumn, too, will quick decay,
And winter come, when thou shalt bend
Within the tomb to mould away.

And, O ! thy summer passed away,
Can never, never hope return !
Cold winter comes, with cheerless ray,
To beam upon its dreary urn !

Then may we daily seek to win
A mansion in the heavenly skies :
Where blooming summers never cease
And radiant glory never dies !

There an eternal life shall bloom,
With joys as vast as angel powers !
And thrice ten thousand harps in tune
Shall praise the love that made it ours.

184.

' Jesus said, he that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me : and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him.— In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer : I have overcome the world.'

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

" Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come all ye weary ones and rest !"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

185.

' Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it ; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High hath bended it.'

Ere yet the clouds have past away
The sacred rainbow paints the sky ;
And bright on every flower and spray
Hang sparkling gems of varied dye.

Fast sinking in the golden west
Behold the sun's departing beam ;
The soul elated, soaring, blest,
Dwells 'raptured on the glorious scene.

She views the Author, in the light
That gilds the waters, field, and grove ;
Puts each unhallowed thought to flight,
And soothes to heavenly peace and love.

186.

' O Lord ! thou art great, and thy name is great in
might.—Of old hast thou laid the foundation of
the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy
hands ;—they shall perish, but thou shalt endure
——thou art forever the same, and thy years shall
have no end.'

Suns and planets—every orb,
Speak of Thee, who shin'st forever ;
Time will quench them—age absorb—
They will die ;—but God will—never.

Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
Ties which only death could sever—
Every fruit of earth, and flower—
All shall fade—but He will—never.

All the field of nature's reign—
Sunny landscapes smiling ever—
Brilliant moon and starry train—
All shall fade—but Thou wilt—never.

All shall fade from earth and sea ;
Oceans fail,—and mountains sever ;
Tide and time shall cease to be—
God in Heaven remains forever.

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Col. country
Boston Sept 29, 1892

